

**MONSTER MUNCH** **COMPETITION** **INSIDE!**

**MARVEL®**  
4th Aug 90

**THE REAL**

**Nº112 45p**

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Industries Inc.

# GH<sup>OST</sup>BUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



31

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**The Real Ghostbusters** are back and, as you can see, they are being *driven* round the bend when they are called out to deal with a *motoring monster* in a story called **The Silver Ghost!** And as if that isn't *exhausting* enough, they also have lots of problems when they have to bust a ghost that's not all there, in **Transparent Spook!** But they should be able to see their way *through* that particular difficulty.

There's an absolutely fantastic Monster Munch competition later on for someone to win one of two fabulous Peugeot Trail 24 Mountain Bikes, with fifty runners-up prizes of Spooky-Dokeys to be won too. Apart from all these ectoplasmically exciting items, there is also the first part of another Real Ghostbusters adventure called **Toad Island!**

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ

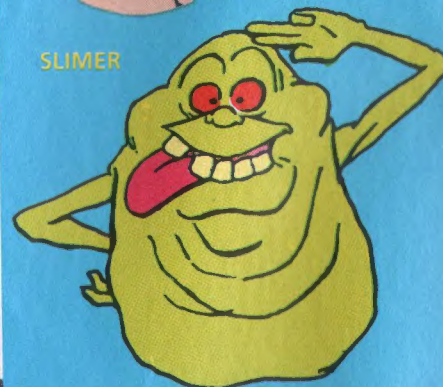


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ZEDDMORE



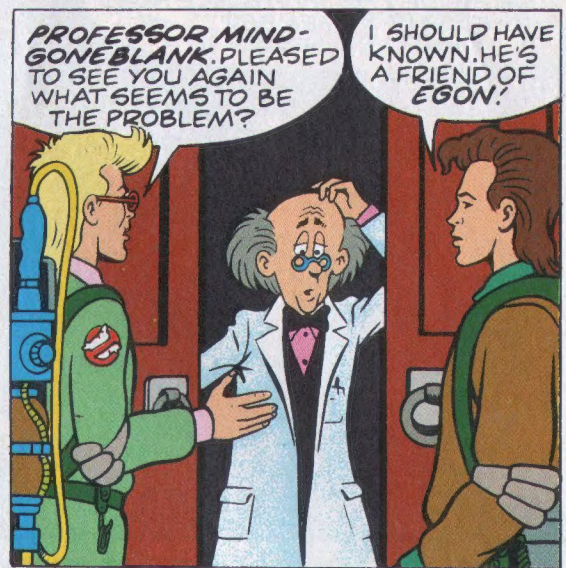
JANINE  
MELNITZ

SLIMER

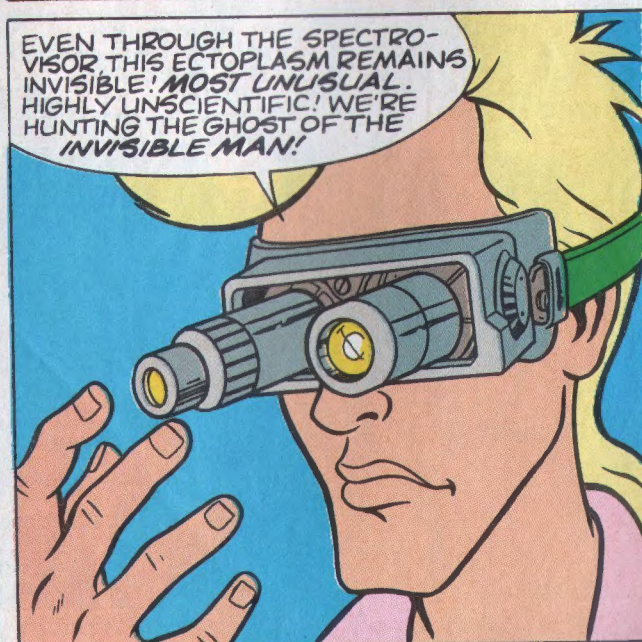




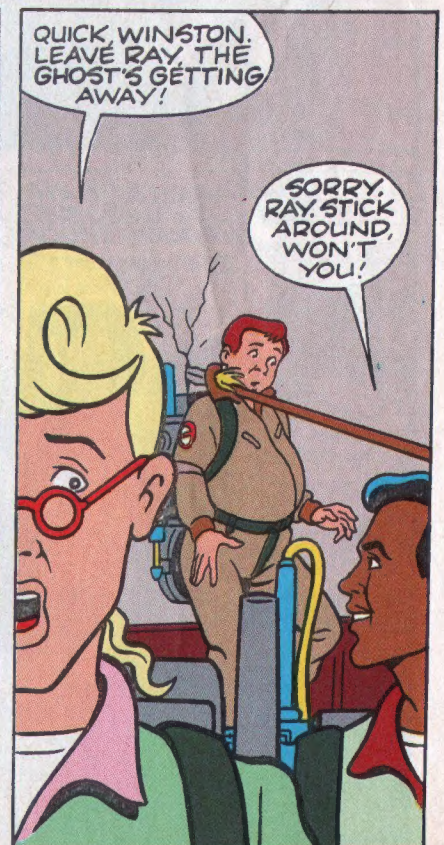
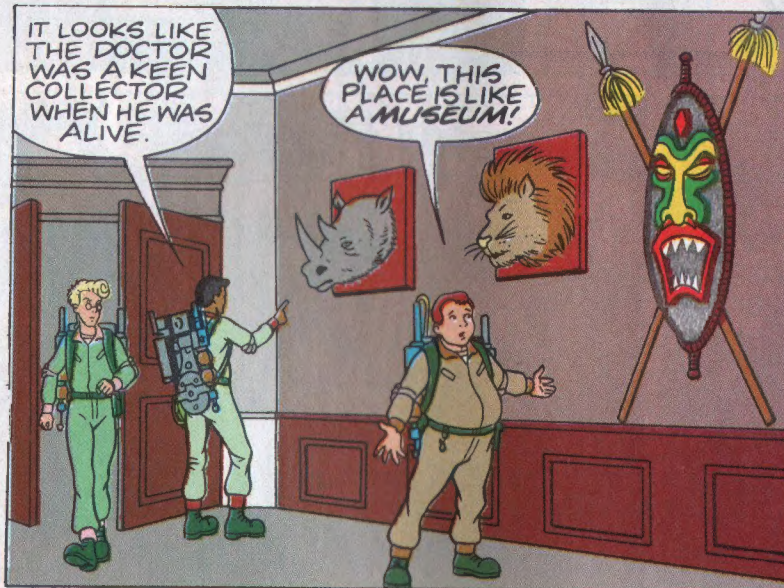
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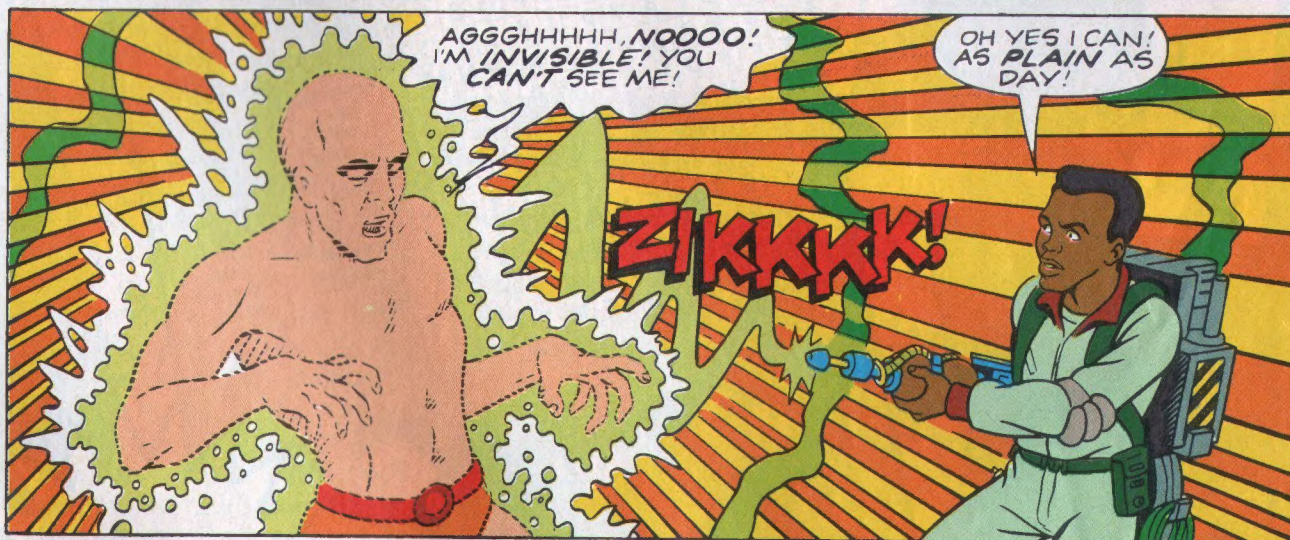








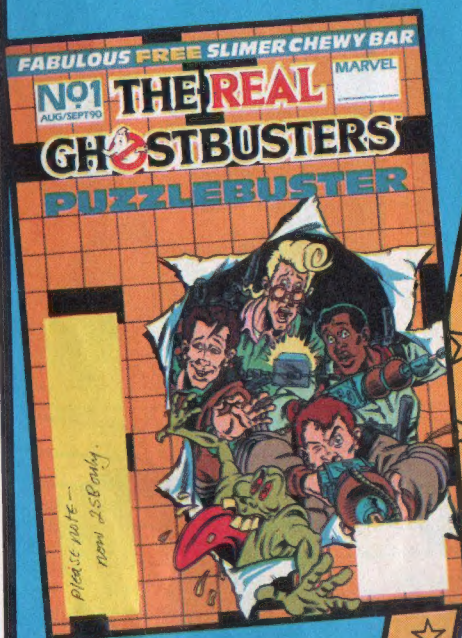






# HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure PLUS a  
**FREE** Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



So, you think you're ready to become a Real Ghostbuster! To be a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and so to develop your spiritual vocabulary, here's a spooky word search for you to complete. All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically and all you have to do is put a ring around each one you find. Your task is to find the five words on the list that are not in the grid.

G	H	O	S	T	B	U	S	T	I	N	G	A
S	Q	P	T	H	A	U	N	T	K	T	E	P
L	T	R	A	P	R	O	T	O	N	O	C	P
I	C	O	N	T	A	I	N	F	D	B	T	A
M	R	S	T	A	Y	P	U	F	T	I	O	R
E	E	P	Z	S	V	E	X	M	W	N	M	I
T	E	E	D	C	A	C	W	A	I	L	O	T
H	P	N	S	R	O	T	J	M	N	P	B	I
E	Y	G	N	E	G	O	N	O	S	P	I	O
R	T	L	I	A	R	P	F	O	T	E	L	N
E	O	E	F	M	E	L	A	N	O	T	E	E
A	M	R	F	Q	J	A	N	I	N	E	B	V
L	B	Y	E	S	U	S	G	U	N	R	A	I
E	N	T	R	A	P	M	E	N	T	C	T	L

**WORDS TO FIND:**

GHOSTBUSTING	JANINE
APPARITION	WINSTON
ENTRAPMENT	VENKMAN
SLIME	PETER
ECTOPLASM	PROTON
MR STAY PUFT	ZUUL
ECTOMOBILE	TOBIN
STANTZ	OGRE
ETHEREAL	VAMPIRE
CONTAIN	GUN
HQ	HAUNT
SNIFFER	WAIL
EVIL	FANG
CREEPY	SPECTRAL
SPENGLER	TOMB
ZEDDMORE	SCREAM
RAY	MOON
EGON	BAT
	TRAP

If you have found the five red herrings, you can collect your official busting equipment. If you haven't, you need more basic training. Why don't you consult Egon's Guide to All Things Spiritual on page 47?

**FREE  
SLIMER  
CHEWY  
BAR**

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!  
ISSUE ONE ON SALE NOW!  
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL**



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

Ghosts aren't the only things that disappear into thin air. Humans have been known to do it too. The Victorian inventor G.H. Welly is, of course, celebrated for his groundbreaking 'refractal suit' which he completed in 1891 and demonstrated to the Royal Society. The refractal suit was not only groundbreaking in as much as it employed a body-suit of convex mirrors to distort the wearer's physical appearance and render him invisible, but also in as much as it weighed ninety pounds, and when it fell off the support rack during the demonstration, it made a mess of the floorboards in the Royal Society. But he was neither the first or the most significant experimenter in the field of artificial invisibility. Many people mention the name of Joshua Whackhampton in this respect, but as I never tire of saying, the field in which Whackhampton was an early and significant experimenter, was three acres square just outside Stoke Newington, and could be seen quite clearly by anybody passing. Cwmcwylwd, the venerated Druid of King Hessian the Rough of Marcia, reputedly used his mystic powers to turn himself invisible sometime before the Winter Solstice in 686 A.D. (if we believe the dates given in the less than punctual Anglo-Marcian Chronicles,



## PART 112

which begins its account of the Luney-goth invasion with 'And lo, around tea-time, or maybe a bit before ...'). My own research has led me to doubt the authenticity of this report. Cwmcwylwd was attending a feast at the time in Hessian's fortress on a precarious crag three hundred feet above the turbulent seas of St Bisto's channel, and apparently wandered out of the Great Hall after his ninth goatskin of mead mumbling 'Just going out for a breath of air'. When two hours had passed and he hadn't turned up, some one asked 'Where's Cwmcwylwd?' and it was suggested that he'd made himself invisible as a joke. This went down jolly well amongst the revellers, who maintained until their dying day that Cwmcwylwd's magic was indeed potent

## GUIDE

for they'd never set eyes on him again after that night. I remain dubious. The famous Chinese sage, Han Un Yun, did indeed use mysterious powers to turn himself invisible ... almost. He could not make his right eyebrow disappear no matter what he did. Han Un Yun enjoyed his invisibility for a short while, until he was beaten to death by a crowd of people who mistook him for a rare and dangerously hairy form of flying caterpillar.

Most horrible of all invisibility stories, must be the tale of Cord Downpore, who made a pact with the archdemon Gnossofat who promised to make the hapless Downpore invisible. Downpore spent nine weeks wrapped from head to toe in bandages and finally summoned all the dignitaries and VIPs from his home town to witness his momentous transformation. Five hundred celebrities watched with some interest as he took off the bandages and discovered that he wasn't invisible after all. The VIPs applauded however, as one put it 'he may not have vanished, but he sure went very red'.

Downpore later discovered that Gnossofat was not the demon of invisibility, but rather the spectral lord of embarrassment, who'd done it for a joke. Downpore said he didn't see it himself.



# SILVER GHOST!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art JOHN MARSHALL and DAVE HARWOOD and JOHN BURNS



The Real Ghostbusters have faced them all – para-demons, spectres, poltergeists, but there's always one that has to be different. . .

"Egon! Call for you!" yelled Janine Melnitz, the Ghostbusters' receptionist. Egon, who was working with Ray on ECTO-1, looked up in surprise, as if no-one ever phoned him. He wiped his oily hands with a rag and walked over to the reception desk.

"Erm, Egon Spengler," the scientist said politely.

"Spengler? Childers here, Erskine Childers."

Egon looked puzzled. The man seemed to know him, but he couldn't remember. Janine held up her note book, which she'd written a note on – 'ERSKINE CHILDERS – THE GHOST THAT NEVER WAS – GHOSTBUST FILE 003/Eg!' Suddenly Egon remembered. A strange case, just when they'd started out on the ghostbusting business – a castle shipped from England stone-by-stone and a ghost of the man that had hired them ... Erskine Childers the Third, one of the richest men in New England!

"Are you still there, man!" Erskine demanded. "I haven't got all day you know!"

"Yes sir, sorry sir," said Egon, "What's the problem?"

"The problem is my Silver Ghost," snapped Erskine. "I want you to deal with it straight away!"

"Hey, repeat business!" grinned Peter as ECTO-1 sped towards Erskine's castle through the beautiful New England countryside. "A Silver Ghost, eh? Sounds like my sort of trouble."

"I sometimes believe you think about nothing but our fee when we go on a bust," said Egon, who was driving. "Childers' ghost was one of the most intriguing supernatural cross-temporal phenomena we've ever encountered."

"Come again?" said Peter, scratching his head.

"He means even he didn't understand what was going on," explained Winston, still looking out the window, perfectly calm about being Egon's unpaid translator. "That's all very well, Egon, but I don't think I've ever heard of a Silver Ghost before."

"Hmm," muttered Ray, his head buried in *The Real Ghostbusters Guide to Haunted Castles* by Retep Namknev. "According to this, there's a Silver Ghost that haunts the shopping arcades of Ballymena in Ireland, buying goods with a Silver Express credit card. It then eats several tons of ice cream, cackles at the local cat and disappears to the nearest castle without so much as a please or thank you!"

"That seems a little unlikely," said Egon, as he drove up the huge driveway to Erskine's Castle. Peter blushed for some reason. "Sounds pretty feasible to me," he protested. "I'm sure the writer did the proper research!"

Erskine Childers, a fat red-faced man, almost threw himself out of the double doors at the front of the castle and raced up to ECTO-1, giving it a quick look over. "You've redecorated, haven't you?" he snapped. "Don't like it. Now then, about my Silver Ghost!"

Suddenly, his conversation was interrupted as the Ghostbusters heard a terrible wailing sound from around the corner of the castle. A well-polished Rolls Royce Silver Ghost came racing around it, swerving all over the driveway as if it was driven by a madman. "The Silver Ghost!" shouted Peter, leaping from the car. "Throw me the Proton Gun, Ray!"

"DON'T YOU DARE BLAST THAT CAR!" snarled Erskine, his face redder than ever. Surprised, Peter could only jump quickly out of the way as the Silver Ghost roared past. In the driver's seat, a skull faced creature with a chauffeur's driving



hat perched on its head cackled at the Ghostbusters. Its eyes blazed with unnatural light. Then it was gone, purring off down the driveway and out on to the highway.

"That ghost has bally well stolen my Silver Ghost," snapped Erskine. "And I want it back!"

"This could be more difficult than we thought," said Egon, studying the PKE Meter for a reading. "The ghost seems to have a very close affinity with that particular car, so a full Proton Blast would probably damage it. Erskine obviously doesn't want the car damaged in any way."

"Absolutely, old fruit!" snapped Erskine. "I have an idea," said Ray. Winston groaned – he knew Ray's idea would be crazy. He also knew that as crazy as it sounded, it would probably work. But as Ray explained, the idea grew on him.

Twenty minutes later, ECTO-1 roared past the Silver Ghost, Peter blowing raspberries at the cackling ghost. Thirty minutes later, the Silver Ghost pulled up alongside three very distinguished looking men in three piece suits and top hats. "Having problems, sirs?" said the ghost. The three men seemed totally unsurprised to see a ghost driving the car. "Bally car drove us off the road," said Ray in his best clipped English accent. "On our way to the races, don't you know."

"How dreadful, sirs," said the chauffeur ghost. "If I could give you a lift?"

"Delighted, old chap!" said Winston, clambering into the back of the car. "I say, what a splendid motor. Have you been driving her long?"

"Since I was eighteen," replied the ghost, starting the car up again, the engine purring quietly away. "You could say I've lived my entire life in this car."

"Beautiful little runner too," said Ray. "A pity about that knocking sound."

"Knocking sound? I don't hear any knocking sound," said the ghost, putting his hand to where his ear used to be.

"But then my hearing isn't what it was."

"Aren't Silver Ghosts supposed to be noiseless?" piped up Egon, getting in on the act. "Perhaps you'd better stop and look at the engine. At this, Ray rattled two spoons together that he had produced secretly from his pocket.

"Oh dear," said the ghost, stopping the car. "The master will never forgive me . . . yeeek!"

Peter leapt from some bushes by the side of the road and levelled his Proton Gun at the ghost. "You've been driving us mad, so it's time to pay the toll!" he grinned and blasted the ghost to oblivion. Just as he did, a highway police car pulled up alongside the car. "Yours?" snapped the policeman.

"Er, no. . ." said Egon.

"I see," said the policeman. "Okay, I've got you on three traffic light violations, four counts of driving without due care or attention – hey, which one of you is the driver here?"

Egon looked at Ray, who looked at Winston, who took off the top hat he'd borrowed from Childers and looked at Peter. Peter looked at the smoking Ghost Trap. "I don't think you'd believe me if I told you," he muttered.





# COMPETITION!

## WIN A PEUGEOT TRAIL 24 MOUNTAIN BIKE!

### A MONSTER PRIZE FROM MONSTER MUNCH!

All through the summer, when you buy a mixed pack of Monster Munch, you can collect amazing fluorescent Spokey-Dokeys (tm). These are shaped like four of your favourite Monster faces and they'll make the spokes of your bike whizz with colour. As well as giving you maximum noise and presence on the streets, they're designed for safety too.

We've got together with Monster Munch and not only will we be offering 50 sets of Spokey Dokeys as a prize in our competition, the first two to complete a tie-break in the most monstrously appropriate way will win a Peugeot Trail 24 mountain bike.

The Trail 24 is tough enough to tackle any terrain, with its 18 speed indexed gears and T-bone handle bar stem. It's the latest, up-to-the-minute mountain bike – in the brightest shade of pink ever seen!

We also have a case of Monster Munch to give away to the top two winners as well so you can crunch your way through all those big packs of flavour like Roast Beef, Pickled Onion and Sizzling Bacon.



### HOW TO ENTER:

All you have to do is answer the questions below and then complete the tie-break.

1. So you can be seen at night, you should always wear

- A. A hat
- B. Fluorescent strips of clothing
- C. Bicycle clips

2. What is reflective clothing made of?

- A. Thousands of microscopic beads of glass
- B. Nylon
- C. Stainless steel

3. What *won't* you find in a pack of Monster Munch?

- A. Great hunks of flavour
- B. Artificial colours
- C. Monster shapes

Send your entries

(on a postcard only please) to:

**MONSTER MUNCH COMPETITION**  
**REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**  
**MARVEL COMICS**  
**13/15 ARUNDEL STREET**  
**LONDON WC2R 3DX**

All entries must reach us by  
20 August 1990

Now, just complete the following tie-break in not more than 12 words:

Monster Munch are monster fun because .....



# SCHOOL GHOULS

Peter Venkman was given the honour of giving a talk on the Paranormal at the Tardy Junior School. This obviously spooked him more than dealing with a Class five, Vaporous Phantasm, and quite rightly too as the pupils in question were much nastier than your average schoolchild.

Once inside the school, Peter realised that the little horrors were indeed exactly that. Running around hitting one another with brooms and chucking buckets of water over each other, the mischievous mites were simply running rampant. Even when he was taken to a class of seated pupils who appeared to be behaving

themselves, it wasn't long before they were answering him back and then their slime really started to flow. Peter was covered, the desks were covered – even the blackboard was beginning to look green!

It was all a trap designed to capture the most famous Ghostbuster and to make him history. Stranded without his Proton Pack, the junior ghouls had him cornered. They sprawled and slithered all over him until he was completely surrounded by. . . pillows. It had all been a terrible nightmare.



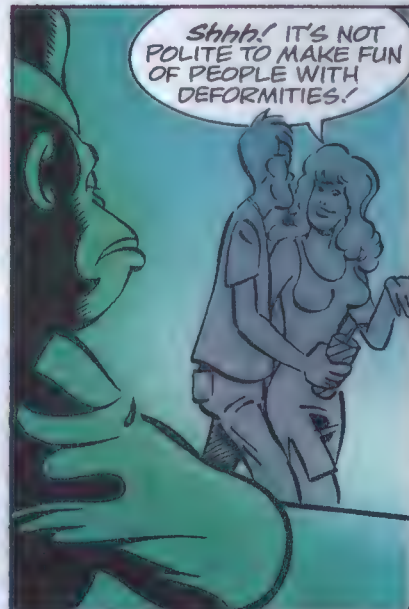
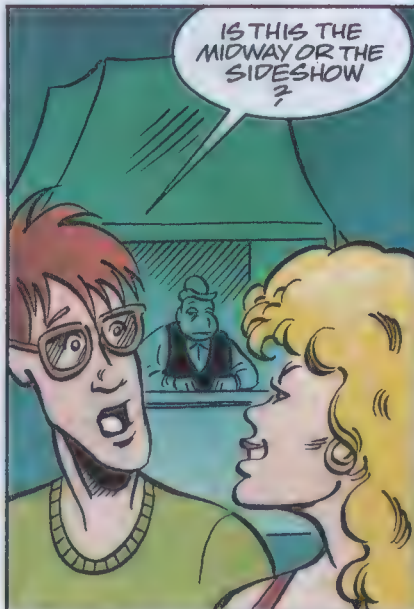








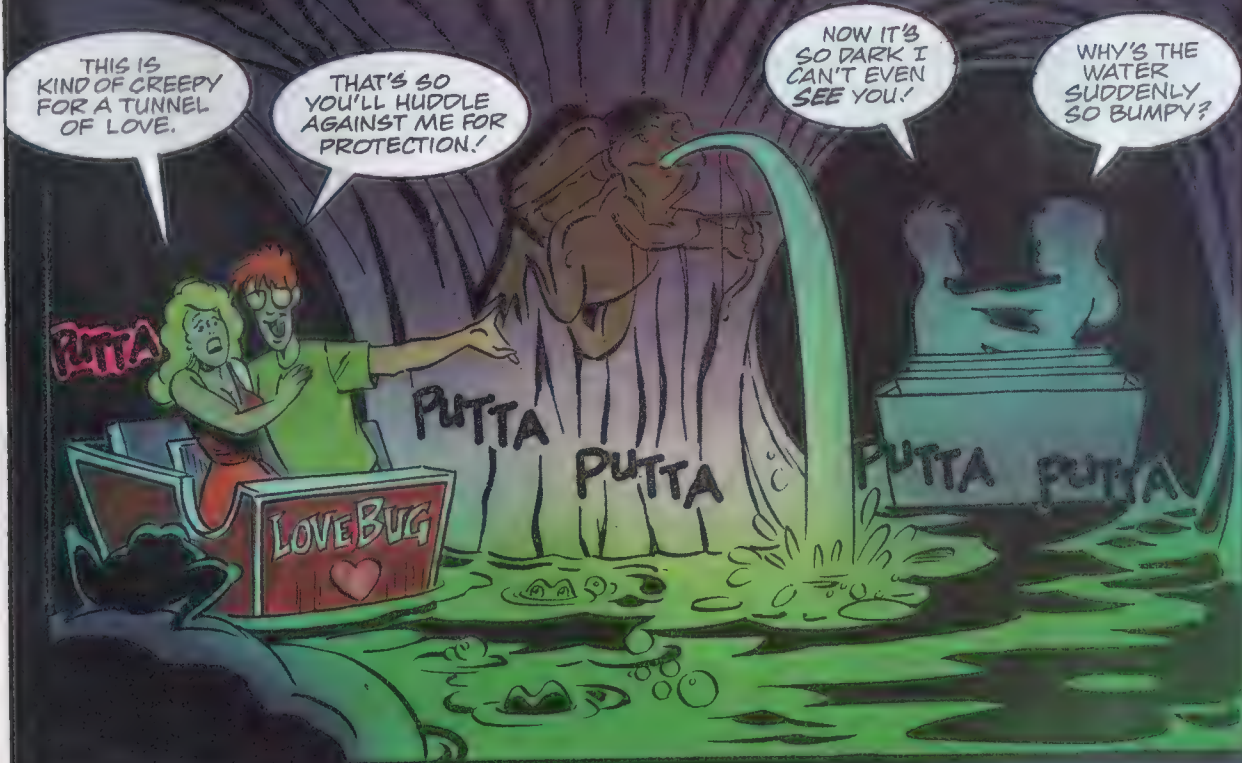
ENTER BUD AND JUDY WHO HAVE COME TO WILE AWAY A LONG AFTERNOON.



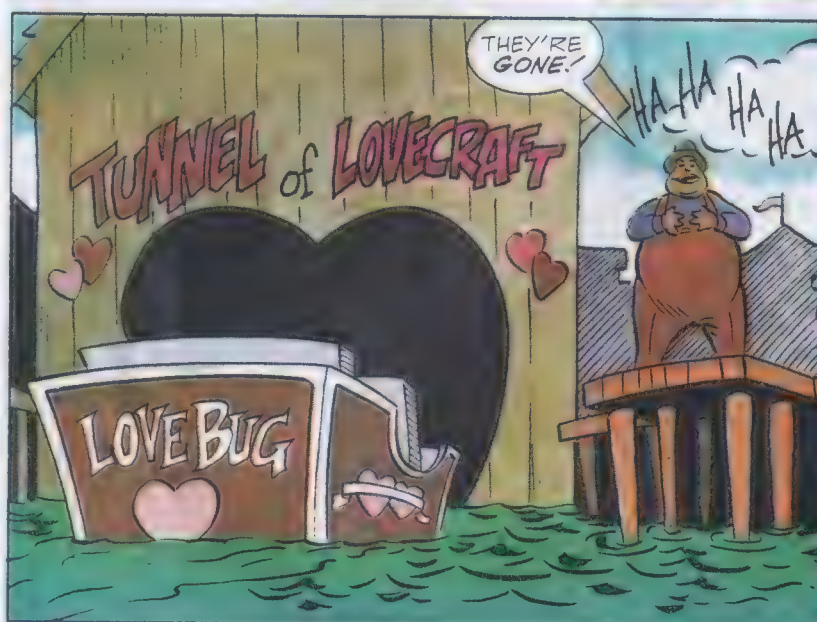
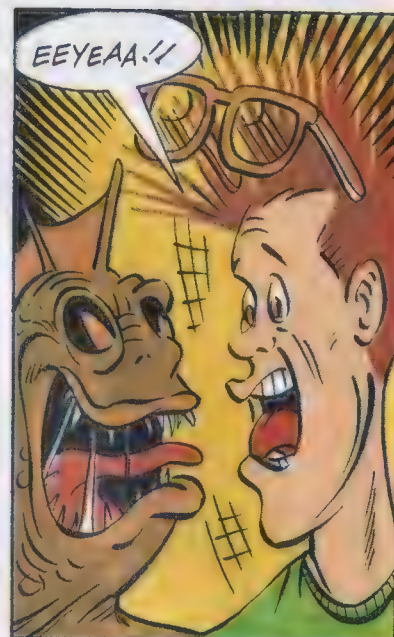




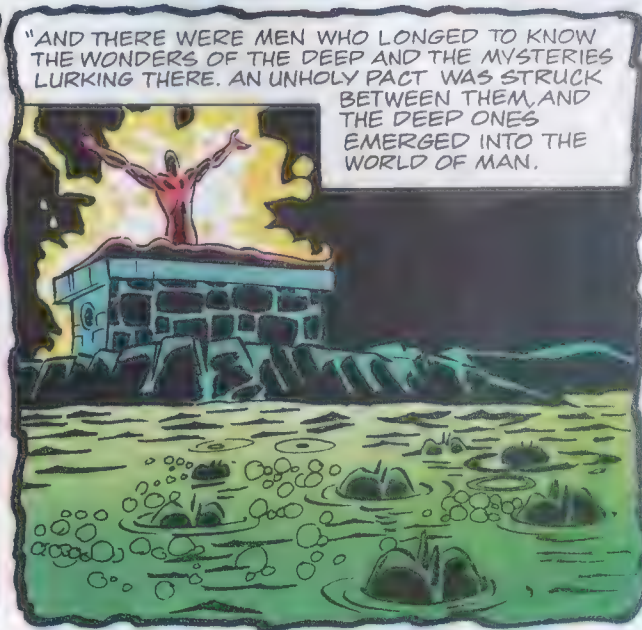
PUTTA-PUTTA-PUTTA-PUTTA













"HUMANS WERE KIDNAPPED NEAR THE HARBOUR UNTIL IT BECAME TOO FEARED AN AREA TO VENTURE NEAR."



"SO LONG AS THE DEEP ONES REMAINED, THEY CONTINUED THEIR ATTEMPTS TO LURK AMONG HUMANKIND."



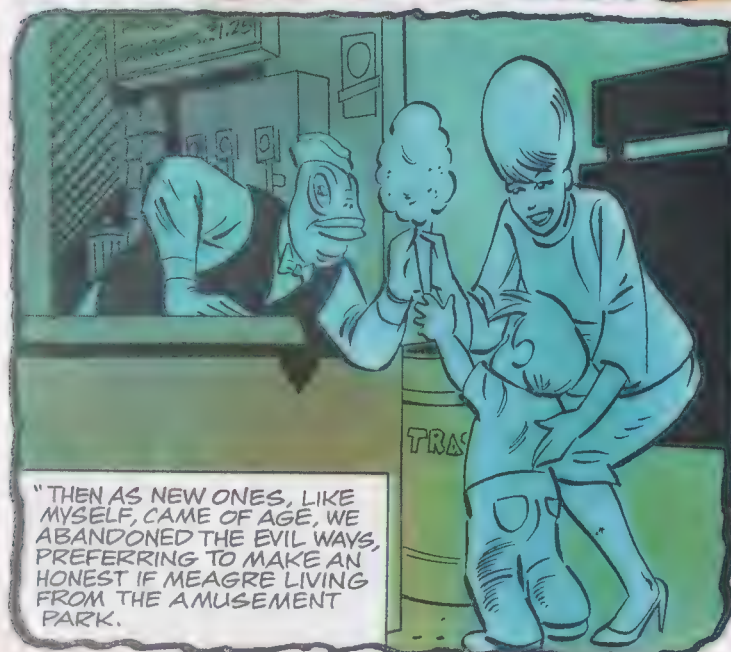
"BUT THE TAINTED HUMANS BOTH LOVED AND HATED THEIR AMPHIBIOUS MASTERS AND CREATED THE CARNIVAL, TOAD ISLAND, IN RED HOOK, AS THEIR NEW, MORE SLY METHOD OF LURING HUMANS INTO THEIR SLIMY CLAWS."



"BUT A NEW DEEP ONE, NOGAD, HAS COME OF AGE AND IS FORCING US TO RETURN TO THE OLD WAYS."



"THEN AS NEW ONES, LIKE MYSELF, CAME OF AGE, WE ABANDONED THE EVIL WAYS, PREFERRING TO MAKE AN HONEST IF MEAGRE LIVING FROM THE AMUSEMENT PARK."





# DEAD TRUE!



rdinarily, Roy Fulton would have had a relaxing time playing darts at his local public house. It hadn't been overly lively and since he had drunk very little that evening, he decided to drive to another pub called *The Glider*, that was a bit nearer his home in Dunstable, Bedfordshire.

The night was chilly and dark as the twenty-six year old started up the engine and drove his van towards the village of Stanbridge. Mist and fog patches clung to the flat, open countryside, so he drove carefully and slowly. As his headlights picked out the first few houses of the village, Roy caught sight of a dark figure standing at the roadside, gesturing with his thumb in order to catch a lift.

Roy slowed the van,

pulling up just past the young man and waited until he caught up. He stared into the face of the young man, whose pale, drawn face was framed by short, dark, curly hair. The young man looked about twenty years old, but the really strange thing about him was that he wore a white shirt with an old-fashioned rounded collar.

Roy opened the door and, getting in, the man said nothing. 'I'm going into Dunstable, where are you for?' asked Roy. The pale man pointed towards Totternoe, a village beyond Stanbridge, and shut the door behind him. Roy drove at a steady forty-five miles per hour through Stanbridge and on down the road for Totternoe. The hitchhiker said nothing. The road neared Totternoe, Roy slowed and again spoke to the man. Again

there was no reply, so he turned to look at his companion.

There was no-one there. The passenger seat was empty. Roy braked sharply and looked all around him. He stared through the side window, but he was totally alone. A chill wind touched his neck and fear gripped his stomach as he edged his left hand across the empty passenger seat... it was still warm. It would have been impossible for the hiker to have got out of the car at that speed, and even if he had opened the door, the courtesy light would have come on automatically. But no light had come on and the door was still firmly shut.

Roy drove on, rather shaken, to his destination. With a pale, drawn face he opened the door to the pub and exclaimed 'I've just seen a ghost!'





# GH<sup>OST</sup> WRITING!



Yippee! Welcome to another crammed full, spilling over the brim, Ghostbusters' post bag!

**Dear Peter...**

1. How tall is HQ?
  2. How long have you been a Real Ghostbuster?
  3. How old is ECTO-1?
- Ian Lunney, Birmingham.

*1. Oh, I'd say about fifty feet high! 2. Since about 1984, so that's six years, isn't it! 3. We've had it about six years, but I've no idea how long it had been knocking around before Ray found it!*

1. Why are ECTO-3 and 500 both cars when you already have ECTO-1?
  2. Why are you called The Real Ghostbusters in the cartoon, whilst in the film you are called the Ghostbusters?
  3. When the teacher asks me to write a story or an essay I always fit in The Real Ghostbusters and people say it's stupid. What should I do?
- Melvyn, Enniskillen.

*1. Well they may be cars, but they're different types of cars. And that's the important thing, isn't it! 2. Because we are The Real Ghostbusters! 3. If they are mad enough to say you're stupid, they must be crazy! We are Real Ghostbusters, or don't they know that?*

I have lots of questions for you:

1. Why was it that in Issue twenty-two, Egon's glasses disappeared then reappeared?
  2. Why do you have such a silly hairstyle?
  3. Why is it that every time Egon mentions PKE, it says Psycho-kinetic Energy in the panel next to the picture in the comic?
  4. Will you ask Ray why he called the ECTO-500 that name instead of ECTO-4?
  5. Is baseball Winston's hobby?
  6. How long does it take to bust a ghost?
- David Hendrick, Yorkshire.

*1. Well now, Egon was wearing goggles at the time so he had to push his glasses on top of his head. When I disappeared back in time, I imagine Egon was so shocked and stunned that he forgot to pull them down immediately. Well, that or they got lost in his quiff! 2. Me? Wait a minute, kid, I happen to be the proud owner of one ace haircut. It's not my hairstyle that is silly, just look at Spengler's. I mean, he actually loses his glasses in his. 3. It must be some kind of echo, or*

*something. No, really, it's because there might be some daft people out there who still don't know what it stands for. Mind you, I still prefer the echo theory myself. 4. The ECTO-500 was so called because it is based on an Indy racer. We couldn't call it ECTO-4 because we've already called one ECTO-4. 5. It sure is. 6. It varies enormously from a few minutes to days for a really difficult bust.*

Will you answer my questions:

1. Do you have an Ecto-splat Gun?
  2. How powerful is the Ecto-containment Unit?
- A Big Peter Fan.

*1. Yep, of course I do. Well how would we have beaten Vigo if we didn't have one! 2. Well I wouldn't want to get too close to it if I was a ghost!*

Please could you ask Ray these questions for me:

1. Did you like Mr. Stay-Puft?
  2. Which do you like best ECTO-1 or ECTO-2?
  3. When are you going to invent ECTO-3?
- Hannah Wilcock, Somewhere.

*Ray says: 1. Hey, wow. You know I used to toast Mr. Stay-Puft marshmallows by the fire at Camp Waconda. Unfortunately I can't bear the sight of them now — well, unless I'm really hungry. 2. I think I can say with all sincerity that I like ECTO-1 better. 3. I already have with the help of Egon. It's a little go-kart with giant ghost trapping paddles.*

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



# GHOULS DOWN UNDER!



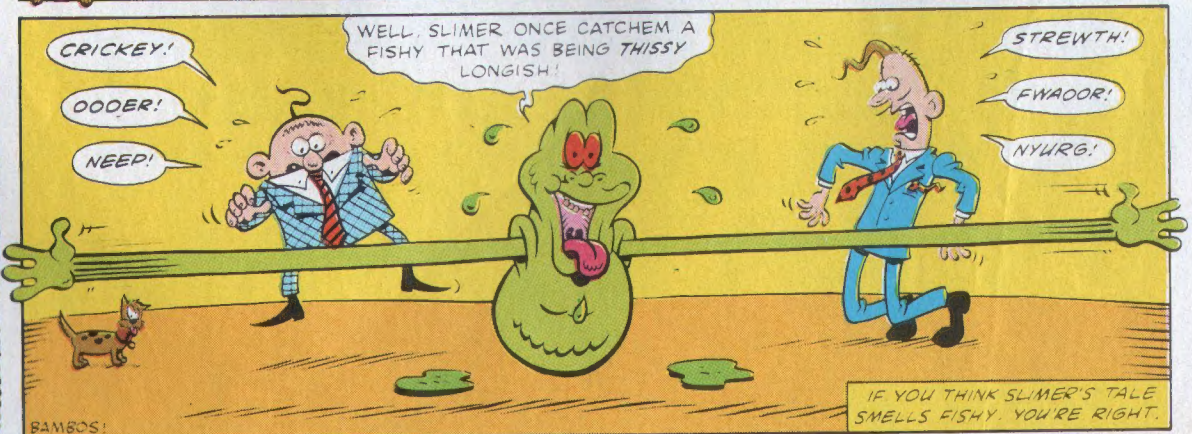
**IN JUST 7 DAYS**



SLIMER IS EAR-WIGGING TO SOME TALL STORIES



WELL I CAUGHT A FISH THAT WAS THIS LONG!



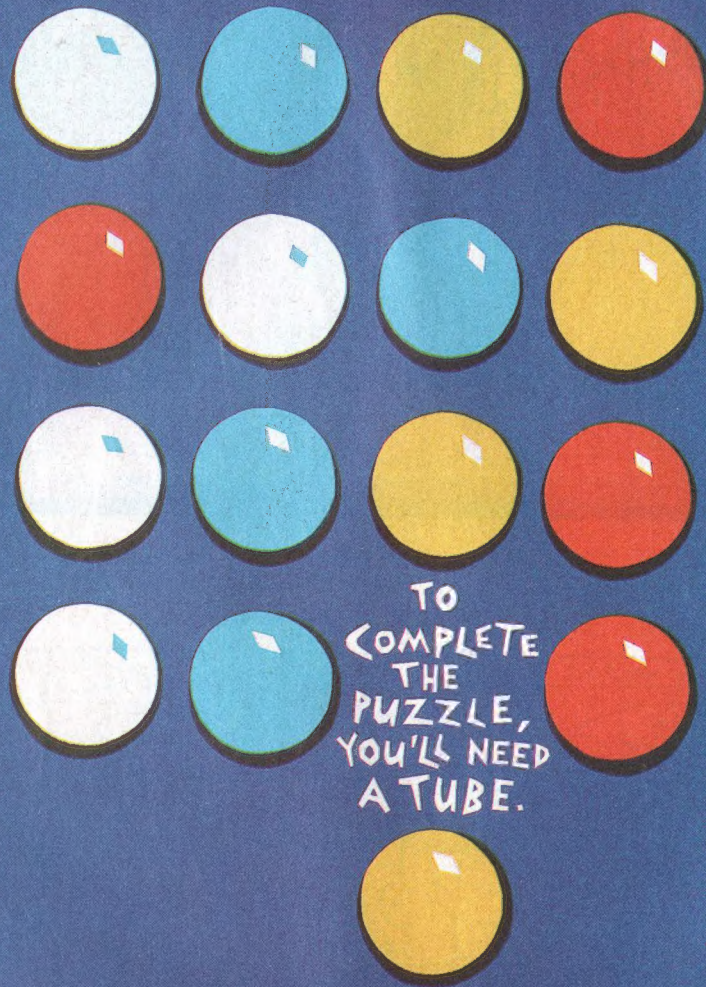




ANSWER ▶▶▶ TO WIN A FREE 'ROTATOR TUBE' FROM SMARTIES • FIRST

GET YOURSELF A NEW WHITE SMARTIES

TUBE WITH FLASH ON PACK • ENTER THE SPECIAL DRAW



TO  
COMPLETE  
THE  
PUZZLE,  
YOU'LL NEED  
A TUBE.

ONLY SMARTIES' ROTATOR TUBE HAS THE

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